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Title: The Art of Love

Author: Ovid  
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While youre still free,  
and can roam on a loose  
rein,  
Pick one to whom you  
could say: "You alone  
please me."  
She wont come falling for  
you out of thin air.

The right girl has to be  
searched for, use your  
eyes.  
The hunter knows where  
to spread nets for the  
stag,  
he knows what valleys  
hide the angry boar,

the wild-fowler knows the  
woods, the fisherman  
knows the waters where  
the most fish spawn:  
You too, who search for  
the essence of lasting  
love,  
must be taught the

places that the girls  
frequent.  
I dont demand you set  
your sails, and search,  
or wear out some long  
road to discover them.

But hunt for them,

especially, at the tiered  
theatre:

That place is the most  
fruitful for your needs.  
There youll find one to  
love, or one you can play  
with, one to be with just  
once, or one you might

wish to keep.  
As ants return home

often in long processions,  
carrying their favourite  
food in their mouths,  
or as the bees buzz  
through the flowers and  
thyme, among their

pastures and  
fragrant chosen meadows,  
so our fashionable ladies  
crowd to the famous  
shows.

Dont forget the races,  
those noble stallions:

The Circus holds room  
for a vast obliging crowd.  
No need here for fingers  
to give secret messages,  
nor a nod of the head to  
tell you she accepts.  
You can sit by your lady,  
nothings forbidden,

press your thigh to hers,  
as you can do, all the  
time and its good the  
rows force you close,  
even if you dont like it,  
since the girl is touched  
through the rules of the  
place.

Now find your reason for  
friendly conversation,  
and first of all engage in  
casual talk.

Make earnest enquiry  
whose those horses are  
and rush to back her  
favourite, whatever it is.

When the crowded  
procession of ivory gods  
goes by, you clap  
fervently for Lady Venus  
If by chance a speck of  
dust falls in the girls  
lap, as it may, let it be  
flicked away by your

fingers and if theres  
nothing, flick away the  
nothing, let anything be a  
reason for you to serve  
her.  
If her skirt is trailing

too near the ground,  
lift it, and raise it

carefully from the dusty  
earth.

Straightaway, the prize  
for service, if she allows  
it, is that your eyes  
catch a glimpse of her  
legs.

Whoever you are, lovers  
everywhere, attend, with  
humble minds, and you,  
masses, show you support  
me. Use your thumbs.  
First let faith enter into  
your mind.  
Every one of them can

be won!